The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1801.

By the particular request of a number of our readers, we insert the following

Speech
OF
Thomas Jefferson,

President of the United States—Delivered at his inauguration, March 4, 1801.

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Friends & Fellow-Citizens,

CALLED upon to undertake the duties of the first executive office of our country, I avail myself of the presence of that portion of my fellow-citizens which is here assembled, to express my grateful thanks for the favour with which they have been pleased to look towards me, to declare a sincere consciousness that the task is above my talents, and that I approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments, which the greatness of the charge, and the weakness of my powers so justly inspire. A rising nation, spread over a wide and fruitful land, traversing all the seas with the rich productions of their industry, engaged in commerce with nations who feel power and forget right; advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye; when I contemplate these transcendant objects, and see the honor, the happiness and the hopes of this beloved country, committed to the issue and the auspices of this day, I shrink from the contemplation, and humble myself before the magnitude of the undertaking. Utterly, indeed, should I despair, did not the presence of many, whom I here see, remind me, that in the other high authorities, provided by our Constitution, I shall find resources of wisdom, of virtue, and of zeal, on which to rely under all difficulties. To you, then, gentlemen, who are charged with the sovereign functions of legislation, and to those associated with you, I look with encouragement for that guidance and support which may enable us to steer with safety the vessel in which we are all embarked, amidst the conflicting elements of a troubled world.

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the Constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. All too will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will to be rightful must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate would be oppression. Let us then, fellow-citizens, unite with one heart and one mind, let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection, without which liberty, and even life itself, are but dreary things. And let us reflect that having banished from our land that religious intolerance, under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance, as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should each even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others; and should divide opinions as to measures of safety; but every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle.—*We are* ALL *Republicans—We are* ALL *Federalists.* If there be any among us who would dissolve this union, or change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know indeed that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear, that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one,

where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the ſtandard of the law, and would meet invaſions of the public order as his own perſonal concern.—Sometimes it is ſaid that man cannot be truſted with the government of himſelf. Can he then be truſted with the government of others? Or have we found angels, in the form of kings, to govern him? Let hiſtory anſwer this queſtion.

Let us then, with courage and confidence, purſue our own federal and republican principles; our attachment to union and repreſentative government. Kindly ſeparated by nature and a wide ocean, from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe: too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others, poſſeſſing a choſen country, with room enough for our deſcendants to the thouſandth and thouſandth generation; entertaining a due ſenſe of our equal right to the uſe of our own faculties, to the acquiſitions of our own induſtry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens; reſulting not from birth, but from our actions and their ſenſe of them; enlightened by a benign religion, profeſſed indeed, and practiſed in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honeſty, truth, temperance, gratitude and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an over-ruling Providence, which, by all its diſpensations, proves, that it delights in the happineſs of man here, and his greater happineſs hereafter; with all theſe bleſſings, what more is neceſſary to make us a happy and a proſperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens, a wiſe and frugal government, which ſhall reſtrain men from injuring one another, ſhall leave them otherwiſe free to regulate their own purſuits of induſtry and improvement, and ſhall not take from the mouth of labour the bread it has earned. This is the ſum of good government; and this is neceſſary to cloſe the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exerciſe of duties which comprehend every thing dear and valuable to you, it is proper you ſhould underſtand what I deem the eſſential principles of our government, and conſequently, thoſe which ought to ſhape its adminiſtration. I will compreſs them within the narroweſt compaſs they will bear, ſtating the general principle, but not all its limitations.—Equal and exact juſtice to all men, of whatever ſtate or perſuaſion, religious or political: Peace, commerce and honeſt friendſhip with all nations, entangling alliances with none;—the ſupport of the ſtate governments in all their rights, as the moſt competent adminiſtrations for our domeſtic concerns, and the ſureſt bulwarks againſt anti-republican tendencies; the preſervation of the general government in its whole conſtitutional vigor, as the ſheet anchor of our peace at home, and ſafety abroad;—a jealous care of the right of election by the people a mild and ſafe corrective of abuſes which are lopped by the ſword of revolution, where peaceable remedies are unprovided;—abſolute acquieſcence in the deciſions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of deſpotiſm;—a well diſciplined militia, our beſt reliance in peace, and for the firſt moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the ſupremacy of the civil over the military authority;—œconomy in the public expence, that labour may be lightly burthened;—the honeſt payment of our debts, and ſacred preſervation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its hand-maid;—the diffuſion of information, and arraignment of all abuſes at the bar of the public reaſon;—freedom of religion; freedom of the preſs: and freedom of the perſon under the protection of the Habeas Corpus:—and trial by juries impartially ſelected.—Theſe principles form the bright conſtellation, which has gone before us and guided our ſteps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wiſdom of our ſages, and blood of our heroes, have been devoted to their attainment. They ſhould be the creed of our political faith; the text of civic inſtruction; the touch-ſtone by which to try the ſervices of thoſe we truſt; and ſhould we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us haſten to retrace our ſteps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and ſafety.

I repair, then, fellow-citizens, to the poſt you have aſſigned me. With experience enough in ſubordinate offices, to have ſeen the difficulties of this, the greateſt of all, I have learnt to expect that it will rarely fall to the lot of imperfect man to retire from this ſtation with the reputation and favour which bring him into it. Without pretenſions to that confidence which you repoſed in our firſt and greateſt revolutionary character, whoſe pre-eminent ſervices had entitled him to the firſt place in his country's love, and deſtined for him the faireſt page in the volume of faithful hiſtory, I aſk ſo much confidence only, as may give firmneſs and effect to the legal adminiſtration of your affairs. I ſhall often go wrong through defect of judgment. When right, I ſhall often be thought wrong by thoſe whoſe poſitions will not command a view of the whole ground. I aſk your indulgence for my own errors, which will

never be intentional; and your support againſt the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not, if ſeen in all its parts. The approbation implied by your ſuffrage, is a great conſolation to me for the paſt; and my future ſolicitude will be, to retain the good opinion of thoſe who have beſtowed it in advance, to conciliate that of others, by doing them all the good in my power, and to be inſtrumental to the happineſs and freedom of all.

Relying then, on the patronage of your good will, I advance with obedience to the work, *ready to retire from it whenever you become ſenſible how much better choices it is in your power to make.* And may that infinite power, which rules the deſtinies of the Univerſe, lead our councils to what is beſt, and give them a favourable iſſue for your peace and proſperity.

HISTORY of JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page* 286.]

The day after the ſhipwreck I began to review my helpleſs lot; every comfort of life was loſt to me, and religion alone prevented me from putting an end to my exiſtence. My venerable parents had untimely periſhed the victims to thoſe principles which I myſelf had been one of the firſt to propagate, and ſpread over my unhappy country. My beloved partner of my cares I was certain was no more, though by what misfortune was as yet unknown to me. I had no family to protect, I had no friend to whom I could be of ſervice; and well knowing that, in a great degree, I had cheriſhed and haſtened mine own ruin by the miſuſe of thoſe principles I had fatally imbibed and propagated, I conſidered myſelf as a diſagreeable object even to thoſe of the ſame party. My lameneſs too, from the wound in my thigh, was certain for life—the wound indeed was healed, but ſome of the muſcles were deſtroyed, and incapable of being again of uſe; I can walk tolerably well, but cannot go any pace that requires a ſpring. When I had again and again conſidered all theſe things, I determined, for the remainder of my life, to fix up my reſidence at the well.

I went off, a few days after, to London to place the whole of what monies I had, at different times, remitted to England, in the public funds, and twice a year I have regularly gone to town to receive my dividends. When I arrived in London I met with an old acquaintance, an Engliſhman, to whom I entruſted my ſtory. I wiſhed not to be conſidered any longer as alive, and without mentioning my particular reſidence, I placed my money in the funds in a borrowed name, and my friend promiſed, in caſe of neceſſity, to receive it for me, and ſend it wherever I ſhould direct. I was more induced to the ſcheme of being no longer known to the world, by a full account which I ſaw in a French paper of the events of the following day, after I had eſcaped from the priſon.

In this paper, which was written directly under the eyes of the leaders of the French Government at that time, I found no mention whatever made of my eſcape, but the particulars of my death deſcribed, and even a ſpeech of contrition was inſerted, which it was ſaid I had ſpoken on the ſcaffold. The occaſion of this ſtrange circumſtance I have ſince diſcovered, which proves to be this:—the moment my eſcape was made known to the French tyrants, they were greatly enraged with the goaler, and threatened him with the guillotine; but, as I was to have been the grand ſpectacle for the horrid tragedy of the ſucceeding day, they determined, on ſecond thoughts, that another ſhould perſonate me, that the people might not be diſappointed; the goaler produced a man fit for the purpoſe, a written ſpeech was given him, and he was promiſed a full pardon under the pretence that I, after being exhibited to the populace, was to have been executed in private. On what ſlender holds will not the dying wretch catch! he fooliſhly believed them; his head being ſhaved and dreſſed in the garb of a criminal, the diſtant populace knew not the difference; he performed his part to admiration; he boldly read the ſpeech, in which I was made to confeſs the juſtice of my puniſhment, and my perſonal ingratitude to the people; but the moment he had finiſhed, and falſely hoped to deſcend the ſcaffold in ſafety, the drums and trumpets ſounded, the executioner ſeized him, and his head was off in an inſtant.

I have nothing further to add to my melancholy tale, than that finding I had been long dead to the world, I perſiſted in my former reſolution, and took up my general reſidence at the apartments of the well. A little while after I had been here, I found I could claim the caſtle as my own for life in the right of my wife, but I had two hundred a-year coming to me from the monies in the funds, a ſum vaſtly ſuperior to my preſent wants. I generally kept about fifty guineas by me; all my expences in the year do not amout to much more than that ſum, and the remainder of my income I diſtribute among the many poor objects of my countrymen, whom I continually meet with in my rambles.

The apartments of the well I have always conſidered as my home, though many years I have been there but a few months; particularly if I had any idea of being diſcovered, I immediately abſented myſelf, when I have noticed any one watching me, I have not been viſible for ſome time. By theſe means I probably never ſhould have been diſcovered, had it not been for what I ſhall now always conſider the lucky adventure of laſt night.

CHAPTER XLII.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud diſdain
Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art.
And ev'n while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart miſtrusting, asks if this be joy.

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

IN the evening the Duke conducted Mr. Freeman and his ſon to the apartments in the well; they were aſtoniſhed at the neatneſs and conveniency of the place. The broken cliffs in the rock, with a very little aid from art, gave ſufficient light into a large apartment; behind was a ſmall one which was fitted up as a chamber, and a glaſs door prevented the total darkneſs which muſt otherwiſe have taken place. "When I firſt came here" ſaid the

Duke, "the old furniture was quite decayed and useless: at different times I have brought what you here see: there was no door to the bed chamber, and that, which you see at present, is the work of my hands. I have also added glasses to the fissures in the rock; and, in short, all my leisure time has been employed in improving what I once thought would have been my habitation for life.' 'I trust, my dear Sir,' said our hero, 'Yes, my son,' replied the sire, 'I live now for you, and will soon investigate and substantiate the proofs which are to put you in possession of the Castle of St. Donats. The present owner is not only a rich, but a worthy and respectable man; and, with pleasure, will he resign a trifle to reinstate you in your rights: —at the same time, it is proper these rights should be clearly proved; and, with the testimonies we can already produce, the circumstance of the ring will at once clear up the whole.

The gentlemen having sufficiently admired the apartments of the well, prepared to return: the Duke accompanied them, as Mr. Freeman had before ordered apartments to be fitted up at the Castle.

The following morning after breakfast the Duke thus addressed Mr. Freeman and his son: 'I had a strong contest last night with the lurking remains of my pride and vanity, and I've finally gained that victory I trust you, Mr. Freeman, and my son will approve. Long have I given up all thoughts of my native country—I wish only to forget it. Here has been my asylum, here are my possessions, here are my friends and relations. Shall I bear then an useless title—a title unmeaning? for were France to morrow reinstated in its former glory, I never would again join its legislators or warriors, never lift up my arm, and turn my thoughts against the country that has nourished me, a wretched outcast, in her bosom: with these principles, with these sentiments, can I any longer call myself a Peer of France?—France and its Peers are no more! and shall I avail myself of the courtesy of this country, and pride myself upon the shadow of a name? The advantages attendant on that name I have irrecoverably lost; why then should I keep the taudry term? Pride and vanity wish me to retain such honours—honours which remind me of my rashness, my misfortunes, and my losses. Let me then divest myself of this bauble, and while I enjoy the benefits of an Englishman, let me glory also in the name.'

The expanding countenance and beaming eye of our hero clearly shewed how agreeable these sentiments were: eagerly grasping the paternal hand, he, with energy, replied, 'I no otherwise rejoice that I am the son of the Duke de Merite, than that you, Sir, are he: this alone is my pride; all other honours I willingly and joyfully resign."

The father looked what silent nature alone can express; he pressed him in his arms; then turning to Mr. Freeman, he affectionately took him by the hand, and, with a look of gratitude, as thanking him for such a son, added, 'What says, my friend, Mr. Freeman; does he approve of our intention?' Mr. Freeman replied, he not only approved, but applauded them. Mr. Freeman indeed enumerated many worldly advantages that attend even the name of a title, but he reprobated such contemptible vanities, and much more the mind which would be pleased with them. He mentioned also many disadvantages, and drew a ludicrous picture of pride and poverty without powder; and he concluded an excellent speech, which I wish I could favour the reader with, but which, if he is anxious to know the substance of, he has only to ask any of his young acquaintance from Westminster, Eaton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, the Charter-house, &c. &c. &c. for their best composition on the subject: "*Nabiletas sola est atque unica virtus.*' 'Happiness,' continued the father of our hero, 'is indeed more equally distributed than we generally suppose. The poor think the rich are most happy: the rich indeed have the outward appearance of it, and the poor of misery: but look within,—a superb dwelling, fine clothes, and dilicate viands are no longer the means of happiness to a great man; custom makes them common, and often loathsome, while discontent, ill health, and the greatest of all evils, idleness, make him far more wretched than the poor fellow, whose simple labour, natural to man, gives him health, spirits, and expels that dreadful lassitude of thought.

Oh Idleness, in what terms can I sufficiently depreciate thee? Yes, thou art in truth the gaudy badge of gentry; the baneful distinction betwixt rich and poor; thou art a cruel stepmother to every son of order, regularity, and discipline; but thou art the fostering nurse of villany, the all-sufficient bane both of the body and of the mind. Twin brother of greatness, I have had enough of ye both: your sweets, though many, are cloying; your bitters, if few are lasting. 'Tis thou, blessed offspring of labour and independence, that hast never deceived me; thou giveest more than thou promisest, and leavest no sting behind. But if, for a moment, I look forward to that eternal state of an hereafter, then, then it is that I see thy pre-eminence, O Greatness! I see thee surrounded with the goods of fortune, the steward of thy God—I see thee called to a long and dreadful reckoning, and I fear the issue of thy final account. Pride and self-conceit throw their tempting baubles in thy way; honours, titles, and distinctions blind thy view; and the same veil, that hides the hideous form of vice, conceals also the beautious countenance of virtue. Lost in the maze of vanity, the fiends, Flattery and Falsehood, dress themselves in the specious garb of friends, and hasten thee to irrevocable ruin—Such have been the thoughts, my dear son, which have employed the hours of my meditation, and have fixed me in my present determination. Nor can my religion be any impediment to my final residence in this country; for, though I was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, since I came to the years of mature judgement I have mave made profession of none other but the Christian. I abhor all separating names of sectaries and distinction; I am neither of Paul, of Apollos or of Cephas, but of Christ. Luther or Calvin, Wesley or Priestley, Papist, Protestant, or Dissenter are nothing to me;—that pure Gospel, which Christ first taught, is the sole rule of my conduct; my faith on an hereafter I draw from that alone, nor do I attempt to impose upon others my weak human conceptions whatever they may be. It is my endeavour to fulfil the spirit more than the letter of the Christian law, and if, with a good intention, I should err in any trifle, I have no doubt the God of all justice and mercy will pity and forgive me."

Such sentiments were most congenial to the liberal mind of Mr. Freeman and our hero. "This," cried the former, not a little inflamed with the rapture of the subject, "this is the pure spirit of Christianity. All distinctions are the base offspring of pride and sedition, the policy of the worldly wise, the instigations of the devil. I honour, I glory in in your principles, and from my soul I abominate those flowery orations, metaphysical distinctions, exempt allusions, and metaphorical labyrinths of all the forgers of a name from * to * by this the simplicity of our holy religion has been so fre-

quently contaminated; by this the wide field of unbelief has been laid open to the ſceptic. Yes, I abominate——but I fear, my zeal has carried me too far, and that I myſelf ſhall be liable to that cenſure I was about to beſtow upon others.—While my weak frame, my imperfect thoughts, my confined ſenſes, all tell me I am dependant on a Superior Being, ſhall I pretend to determine what he ought to do, or what he can do? Shall I compare his power, nature, and capacity with mine, which, I every day feel, have their limits ſet them? No: let me reſt ſatisfied with what his holy word has taught me, and, by acting up to that, I cannot err. The Sacred Scriptures, I am ſure you are both convinced with me, are his word; and the grand rule of right and wrong is too clear to be miſunderſtood, even if the miſtakes, errors, and prejudices of the tranſlators, tranſcribers, and innovators, were a thouſand times the number that they are. My ſcepticiſm ——" again Mr. Freeman checked himſelf, and addreſſing the father of our hero, ſaid, "Since, Sir, you have reſigned one name, have you choſen another in its ſtead?"—'Yes,' replied the gentleman, "the name my ſon bears is as reſpectable as any other, and ſince chance has given him one ſo truly Britiſh, I never intend to change it. The ſums I have in the funds are in the name of Brown, (Mr. Freeman ſmiled at his attatchment to the common Engliſh terms) but when I next ſee my friend, Mr. Modeley, they ſhall be changed to Smith."—"Mr. Modeley, Sir, did you ſay" replied our hero, "is it Mr. Modeley, of York." "The ſame," replied the father, "you know him perhaps?

"I was acquainted with him ſome years ago."

"He has a lovely daughter, continued the ſenior. The ſon was all attention. "You may, perhaps, have heard of her. My friend has met with a great deal of trouble concerning an eſtate that is left to Miſs Modeley and a firſt couſin of her's, a Boronet, provided ſhe marries him at the age of one and twenty. The young lady never liked her couſin; and her father has often lamented to me that he greatly feared a young adventurer, whom ſhe by accident got acquainted with, had eſtranged her affections; but though this has been ſome time removed, and her love for the unworthy object no more, yet———"

The colour roſe in Smith's face as his father ſpoke; his ſwelling heart prevented his ſpeaking, and fixing a look on his friend Freeman, which the other quickly underſtood, he haſtened out of the room.

The father, ſurpriſed, was about to follow him, when Mr. Freeman begged his attention for a few minutes, while he circumſtantially detailed his ſon's firſt acquaintance, affection, and attachment to Miſs Modeley. The expanding hopes, which now preſented themſelves from the abſolute diſmiſſion of Sir Sandy Simeon Swain, was next explained, and the penitence and reformation of our hero. The ſenior Mr. Smith (for by his own deſire we will ſo call him) heard every word with attention; his warm heart was intereſted for his ſon, and he felt for his ſucceſs with the ſame ardour as if it had been his own caſe. Smith had before told him the chief occurrences of his life, and Mr. Freeman, who was more and more pleaſed with the open and generous mind of the father, related every particular which the youth had ſlightly noticed: nor did the faithful narrator omit the errors, faults, and crimes, and his final victory over them. Again and again did the enraptured father ſtrike his hands together, and thank his God who had given him ſuch a ſon; and again and again did he expreſs his gratitude to him, who had been the humble inſtrument of ſowing the ſeeds of virtue in his heart.

Nor was the generous minded and philanthropic Colonel Grey forgotten, and with pleaſure he looked forward to the moment, when he ſhould embrace the man who had firſt ſnatched his ſon from poverty, ignorance, and wretchedneſs.

CHAPTER XLIII.

As ſome lone miſer viſiting his ſtore
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that heaven to man ſupplies.
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the ſum of human bliſs ſo ſmall.

GOULDSMITH.

THE chief objection that ſtruck Mr. Smith concerning his ſon's attachment to Miſs Modeley, was the large ſettlement for the marriage with Sir Sandy; while Mr. Freeman feared, that our hero had forever forfeited her affections. The Oxford buſineſs, the ſource of the ills which followed, he ſuppoſed might be forgiven from the character the ſenior gave of her father, whoſe policy he was ſure was the occaſion of his reſenting the blow more than any hatred or revenge. 'In his heart I am ſure,' ſaid Mr. Smith, 'he applauded my ſon, for I have heard him confeſs, that he was a lad of ſpirit, wiſhed Sir Sandy had been like him, and could ſcarcely blame his daughter. 'He is fiery and high-ſpirited,' ſaid Mr. Modeley to me one day, 'and I took advantage of an unguarded moment to break off the connection; but I was obliged to fly away, and let Sir Sandy tell his own tale, or I am afraid I ſhould have relented as well as my daughter.' Mr. Modeley's character is neither mercenary nor mean, but a London education, London manners, and London acquaintance, for he always lives in town or ſome public place, have given him a diſtruſt of ſtrangers, and appearance of cunning very unlike his real character; and the method of his education (for he was an only ſon, and brought up under a private tutor till the day of his marriage) has been a great misfortune to him. Mr. Modeley and Sir Sandy's father married the co heireſſes of Ralph Hopton, eſq. at his death, (both his daughters had been dead ſome years before) not chuſing his eſtate ſhould be divided, he left it to Sir Sandy and Miſs Modeley at their marriage at the age of one and twenty, or ſooner. If either died before that period, the eſtate was to devolve to the ſurvivor, and if one of the parties thought proper to refuſe the match, the whole eſtate went to the other. There was a clauſe alſo (for it was a moſt curious will) concerning fair and open dealings on both ſides, honeſt and reſpectable behaviour, and many other little items, which I ſuppoſe, in the end, will furniſh food for the lawyer, unleſs Miſs Modeley marries her couſin.' 'You have known Mr. Modeley ſome time, I preſume,' ſaid Mr. Freeman. 'Yes,' replied the other, 'five and twenty years at leaſt. I firſt became acquainted with him at Paris. He came there on account of a wager.'

'A wager!'

You ſhall hear the particulars, which will give you the beſt inſight to the character of the man. Mr. Modeley, I before ſaid, had always lived a town life' When he was about the age of thirty, ſome young men of faſhion prevailed upon him to join his Majeſty's ſtag-hounds, and bet-

ted him 50 guineas he was not in at the taking of the ſtag. Mr. Modeley, who was always a man of high ſpirits, accepted the wager, more through pique than will, and being well mounted, eaſily won it. After the chace the company preſent were talking over the bet, and ſoon began, as is generally the caſe, to make others. Among many that took place, Mr. Modeley laid 500l. that he rode the mare he had that day hunted with, immediately to Paris, and back again to England, in the ſpace of a week. The conditions were, Mr. Modeley was to go alone, and in the ſame dreſs, was to walk through the principal ſtreets of Paris (which were ſpecified) for at leaſt two hours, and was to have no further aſſiſtance than ten guineas and a few odd ſhillings, he at that time had in his pocket. The bets were conſiderably againſt his doing it. At Paris, walking through the ſtreets, he was ſo laughed at and ridiculed by the populace, that his irritated fibres could no longer ſuſtain his paſſion, and he ſtruck a fellow, who had long followed him, with his whip. He was ſoon ſurrounded by a mob, and the guards had already began to interfere, when by accident I rode up. The ſtrange figure at once ſurpriſed me; I was in the dreſs of my regiment, a Captain of the guards, and enquired into the affair. He told me, in tolerable good French, he was an Engliſhman; that he had been inſulted by the populace, and was ſorry he had ſtruck one of them with his whip. I ſoon releaſed him from his troubleſome company, and as he gave the offended ſome ſilver, they retired very well ſatisfied, and crying, '*Vive mi lor Anglois.*' He returned me many thanks for my interference, and to my remark, which I could not fail making, that his ſtrange dreſs was the occaſion of the inſult, he replied, that it was on account of a wager, which wager prevented his more fully explaining his ſituation; but if ever I came to England, he ſhould be happy to thank me in perſon.

He then begged to know to whom he had the honour to be ſo much obliged. I replied, I purpoſed viſiting England in the ſpring, and would wait for our mutual acquaintance till that period. We then parted; Mr. Modeley returned to England, and won his wager.

The following ſpring I viſited England, called upon Mr. Modeley, and our acquaintance has continued ever ſince; he has ever remained a ſteady and truſty friend, and it is to his care and management I am indebted for the excellent diſpoſal of my ſmall property. He has oftentimes tempted me to join in the buſtle of the world; he has in the moſt liberal manner made me pecuniary offers, and had, at one time, ſigned a deed of gift of a ſmall eſtate of his own near London, which my love for this retirement alone prevented my accepting; and from the well known generoſity of my friend, I cannot help thinking that it was Mr. Modeley who ſent my ſon, at different times, the liberal ſupplies which you mentioned to me.'

This deſcription of Mr. Modeley, ſo far different from what Mr. Freeman and Captain Smith had conceived, was not ungrateful to the parties.

In a few days the three gentlemen ſet off on their viſit to Colonel Grey, and arrived the ſecond day to dinner. A great alteration and addition had been made to the houſe ſince our hero was here laſt; Mrs. Martha looked as blooming as ever; Abraham increaſed in wiſdom as he increaſed in years; Dick was become more ſteady, and had followed his maſter's example in taking to himſelf a wife; and all parties received our hero and his friends with open arms. Brown, our hero's ſervant, accompanied them, and in him Dick ſoon recognized his younger brother. The Colonel himſelf was as gay as ever, and looked ſo well and ſo young, that very little difference was perceptible in himſelf and his bride, who was juſt turned of her twenty ſecond year. The gentlemen were much pleaſed with Mrs. Grey, a very pretty brunette, eaſy and lively in her temper and manners, almoſt the counterpart of her huſband.

I omit the many kind things that paſſed between the gentlemen, and attempt not to deſcribe which was moſt pleaſed with the other, the father of our hero or the Colonel, or the grateful pleaſure Captain Smith experienced at the ſight of his old friend.

So faſt does my hiſtory crowd upon me, that I have paſſed by, for the preſent, even his old friend the Marquis of Derry; I muſt alſo omit, for the ſame reaſon, the joy of Mrs. Martha, Abraham, and Dick; the mutual enquiries of the latter and his new found brother; the congratulations of all our hero's old acquaintance; and the deſcription of Dick's young ſpouſe, who had been Mrs. Grey's maid. But let me not forget to mention that Colonel Grey had lately received a letter from our hero's kinſman, Captain Willis, who had eſcaped from his confinement in France, and was every day expected at the Colonel's.

Before Captain Willis arrived, our hero was obliged to go to town according to his inſtructions from the commanding officer at the C——, and when he returned to his friends, was received with open arms by his joyful relation. Now did the veteran remark, what he had not perceived before, that his nephew was the very picture of his departed Nelly, and his melancholy remembrance reminded the gentlemen of viſiting her grave at Pittford. The day ſucceeding was appointed to inveſtigate the remaining proofs of our hero's birth, and to gain proper certificates that he was the ſon of the Duke de Merite.

It was undoubtedly a very unpleaſant buſineſs to Mr. Smith, Captain Willis, and our hero, but more ſo to the former; the idea that he was again to ſee his beloved wife, to ſee the now corrupted corpſe of the woman he ever moſt truly loved, wrung with anguiſh, for a while, his whole frame; but reaſon pointed out to him his duty; reſolution once more took the command of his ſpirits; and though the lover and the huſband felt and ſuffered, the man was determined and firm.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or flattery ſoothe the dull cold ear of death?

GRAY.

OUR whole party, Colonel Grey, Mr. Freeman, Captain Willis, with our hero and his father, arrived at Pittford. They waited on the Clegyman of the pariſh to aſk permiſſion to open the grave, which an old ſexton pointed out to them; the Clergyman willingly conſented, and with the church wardens attended.

As the company in ſilence ſurrounded the ſpot—the repoſitory of the remains of the poor woman who was, above twenty years ago, buried from the inn—in ſpight of all that philoſophy that had taught the ſenior Mr. Smith to condemn uſeleſs trophies and imaginary honours, he could not help beholding, with a ſigh, the plain and ſimply-turfed earth, where, mixed with the common clay, was depoſited the beloved of his ſoul. The grave was opened. With due care the mouldering boards, which formed a

coffin, were lifted out; on the lid was inscribed the following: "A poor woman unknown, who died in childbirth of a son, May 1st, 17—." As they were about to open the coffin, the Duke, with laboured utterance, spoke, "If a ring is on the fourth finger of the deceased left hand, with the same inscription as the paper which I now present to the Clergyman, the body is assuredly the remains of Eleanor Willis, daughter of Thomas Willis, esq. married in London, June 1st, 17—, to the Marquis de Valeur, eldest son to the Duke de Merite, a Peer of France.

The corpse was now uncovered: the form, the features as yet remained. "It is, it is, my Nelly," cried the agonized husband, and nearly sunk upon the ground, supported by his son. "It is, indeed!" repeated the veteran Captain Willis. In a moment the Duke roused his agitated spirits, and approached the well known form; he reached out his hand; he took hold of the ring, easily it came off, and the finger perished by the touch; it was the same ring, still perfect; he handed it to the company, all examined it, and saw the inscription. The features, at first so visible, were already gone: a clean linen cloth was lain over the fast mouldering clay, and it was again deposited in its place of rest. Every circumstance was noted, every attestation was taken, signed, and witnessed immediately, that the shadow of doubt might not remain, but that John Smith, captain in his majesty's—troop of Light Horse, was the son of Clement, Marquis de Valeur, and Eleanor Willis, and lawful heir to the Castle of St. Donats.

With the authentic proofs of the birth, family, and identity of our hero, Captain Willis left his friends to wait on Sir J. Morgan, who the public papers informed them was lately arrived at Portsmouth, after a very successful cruize.

One morning Colonel Grey informed his visiters, that on the following day there would be a ball at the nearest country town, and asked them if they had any objection to going: no one had the least. The Colonel promised our hero the honour of dancing with his lady, and assured the other gentlemen, if they chose to dance, he would provide them with partners. Mr. Smith pleaded his wound as an excuse; Mr. Freeman said, he should only dance through necessity; and the Colonel had no one to cater for but himself. The company arrived about seven, and began country dances almost immediately: Captain Smith and Mrs. Grey danced down the first dance, and were standing at the bottom, our hero opposite the door—it opened, and a gentleman handed a lady into the room; —the youth looked; the colour fled from his face; he withdrew his eyes, but in a moment they were rivetted to the object: it was, indeed, his never-to be forgotten Eliza; her father followed her with Mrs. Heriot and another lady. Our hero's colour now rose so violently, Mrs. Grey could not fail remarking it. 'You know the Party that has just entered?' "Yes, Ma'am,' stammered the youth. 'She is a beautiful creature,' added Mrs. Grey, archly, 'and as an old acquaintance, you may like to dance with her. Remember I am a married woman, and will resign you.' 'Indeed, Ma'am,' said our hero, scarcely knowing what he said, 'I have no such——hopes, no such intentions.' 'Well,' continued Mrs. Grey, who saw he was very much confused, 'do as you like; Mr. Freeman, I know, will take pity on me; so you are your own master,'

Mr. Smith, senior, who was standing by the fire place with Mr. Freeman, and observing the company, saw Mr. Modeley and his party the moment they entered; uncertain how he should act concerning introducing his son, he was retiring for the present, when Mr. Modeley perceived him; with the eagerness of an old friend, being very much surprised, he came directly to him, and with great cordiality professed his joy at seeing him once more in public. Mr. Smith led him aside, mentioning that he had something particular to say to him—'You are astonished, my good friend, to see me here?'

'I am, I assure you.'

'I have a great deal to say to you, but, at present, you must be satisfied with the heads, and ask no questions. First, my name is Smith.'

'How? Mr. Smith!—why so?'

'You begin already: we must retire, unless you promise to wait another time for all explanations.'

'Well, I will wait.'

'I have discovered a son.'

'A son! impossible! how?'

'Again!—I have undoubted proofs of the truth: the child of my dear Nelly.' The tone in which the husband spoke the last words, as he wiped the tear from his eye, checked the hastiness of Mr. Modeley; he felt for his friend at the remembrance of his loss. Mr. Smith continued: 'This son is now in the room; I am afraid he is under your displeasure.' Mr. Modeley was alarmed, and greatly confused; 'Which, my dear friend, is the young man?'

'He is almost at the top of the dance: look! do you see any one you recollect?'

'Yes, yes,' said Mr. Modeley, much affected, 'I do; I see one I have grossly ill used. I am all amazement, but I'll ask no questions at present. Let me congratulate you in having such a son; I am not ignorant of his courage and conduct abroad.'

'Shall I introduce him?'

'With the utmost pleasure.'

"With the utmost pleasure." Mr. Smith went towards his son; he brought him to Mr. Modeley. "My son, Mr. Modeley." Mr. Modeley seized him by the hand, he could not speak, but taking his handkerchief from his pocket with his left hand, he put it to his face, and turning his head aside, still grasped his hand. This affecting silence was more eloquent than words, and far more grateful to our hero; a thousand pleasant thoughts hovered around him, and Hope, joyful Hope, once more fluttered in the group. Miss Modeley, in the mean time, was no indifferent spectator of what was going forward; she had recognized our hero the instant she had entered the room; their eyes had met and clearly spoke.

Captain Smith, no longer the bold and presuming lover, had feared even to address the fair object; he stood trembling in suspense, dreading a repulse if he spoke; uncertain and suspicious of the gentleman who handed her into the room, whether he might not be a favored lover, or a still more favored husband. The last thought curdled his very blood, and how many ærial phantoms of jealousy the magician Love would soon have raised up to confirm it I will not pretend to determine, had not his father at the moment changed the course of his ideas by introducing him to Mr. Modeley.

Miss Modeley, at the further end of the room, could perceive just sufficient to be the subject of alarm to her; twice did she rise from her seat, fearful for her father, and twice, as she saw no reason for her alarms, did she think proper to sit down again. *(To be continued.)*

☞ *Two numbers more of this Magazine, will complete* nine *months of its publication—It will be discontinued, and the tales now imperfect,* will be finished.

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[A gentleman being in company, where a young lady of the name of BALL was given as a toaſt, he compoſed *extempore* the following

LINES—*Addreſſed to a Belle.*

OFT have I heard, when war triumphant reign'd,
How *Balls* deſtructive whiſtled o'er the plain,
How many a chieftain's blood the fields hath ſtain'd,
And pil'd in heaps the great and lowly ſlain.

Such was the caſe when gallant *Mercer* bled;
And *Haſelet* too, (a man in arms renown'd)
On Princeton plain ſunk down on honor's bed,
Mangled and bloody on the cold, dank ground.

Theſe are th' effects of *warlike Balls* I ween,
That give but to the world deſpair and woe;
Not ſo the BALL I ſing—fair Beauty's Queen—
She ſends no ſpirits to the ſhades below.

Save when, with lightning eye, ſhe ſtrikes the heart,
And then refuſes to aſſuage the pain;
Bids the fond youth deſponding, to depart,
Nor dare to come within her ſight again.

Yet ſure I am the maid is more refin'd,
That [illegible] unkindly kill an amorous youth,
Who [illegible] no other beauties than his mind,
Who boaſts no other genius than his truth.

But ſhould her heart, by cruelty's control,
Doom him untimely thus in life to fall,
'Twould be the wiſh congenial to his ſoul,
To die by ſuch a charming, lovely BALL.

C.

A Poem on Creation.

All things from God as from their fountain flow,
To him alone, they all their beauties owe;
'Twas he that fill'd the ſun with golden light,
And bid the ſilver moon adorn the night;
He made the fix'd and moving worlds on high,
Thoſe radient orbs that deck the glittering ſky;
They with the earth, the air, and ſpacious ſea,
Exiſted all when God ſaid "let them be!"
He bid the rivers in meanders ſlide,
And in the limpid ſtreams the fiſhes glide;
Bid feather'd fowl thro' fluid kingdoms fly,
And with their pinions fan the floating ſky;
Bid graſing heards the verdant vallies fill,
And harmleſs flocks appear on every hill:
"But there remains" ſaid God, "the nobleſt part,
The boldeſt effort of creating art;
In our ſimilitude portray the plan,
And in our image make immortal man;
Man o'er the riches of the earth to reign,
Of trackleſs air, and vaſt unbounded main."
From chaos rude, God ſhap'd the charming frame,
And in his noſtrils breath'd the living flame.
The maſter-piece of all—form'd to command
Earth, air, and ſeas to bleſs his righteous hand:
The lifeleſs maſs confeſs'd the hand divine,
And quick evinced the ever wiſe deſign.
Wak'd into life, his eyes began to roll,
His heart to beat—to meditate his ſoul—
Erect to heaven he lifts his ardent ſight
Charm'd with thoſe glorious orbs of rolling light;
Female and male God ſhap'd the human frame,
Incorporate, conſubſtantial, and the ſame.
Divinely form'd the ſhining creature roſe;
Freſh, fair, and ſpotleſs as the virgin ſnows,
Sparkling and gay as the primeval light,
Sweet to the ſenſe and lovely to the ſight;
Like fragrant flow'rs ſhe br'th'd commanding love,
And her eyes glitter'd like the ſtars above;
So charming was the mother of our race,
That angels gaz'd with tranſport on her face.

ANECDOTE.

TOW Quakers in Vermont had a diſpute, they wiſhed to fight, but it was againſt their principles---They graſped one another: One threw, and ſet on the back of the other, and ſqueezing his head in the mud ſaid "*On thy belly ſhalt thou crawl, and duſt ſhalt thou eat all the days of thy life.*" The other ſoon gained the victory, and when he had attained the ſame poſition, ſaid, it is written "*The ſeed of the woman ſhall bruiſe the ſerpent's head.*"

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